

BIG SATURDAY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

VOL. II. NO. 14.

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FERGUSON & CONLEY, Publishers.

"THAT THINGS ARE NO WORSE."

From the time of our old Revolution, when we threw off the yoke of the King, has descended this phrase to remember, to remember, to say, and to sing: "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

"That things are no worse, O, my Sire!" "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!" "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

There has nothing come down in the story of the answer returned by the King: But I think on his throne he sat silent, and confessed it a sensible thing. For there is never a burden so heavy that it might not be heavier still; there is never a burden so heavy that it might not be heavier still.

And whether of care or of sadness, our life and our duties may bring. There is always the cause for Thanksgiving. The Minister told to the King: "That things are no worse, O, my Sire!"

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

One Flirtation, One Thanksgiving, One Wedding.

BY G. H. B.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—To the Editor of the *Criterion*, City.—Dear Sir: It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to incur your displeasure in regard to the next chapters of "Coming Events." But really the days have grown so short, with work ever on the increase—indeed, sometimes, I think I shall drop either the office or my literary aspirations altogether. The former, notwithstanding your kind assurance, I am not prepared to do; the latter, I can not, so there the days go by—frustrated at both ends, wasted in the middle. And then—

And then—Dear Mr. Editor, lend me your most sympathetic ear, if you have got such a thing—I have a little romantic episode of my own!

Hoping not to strain your kind temper too far, I remain, Yours Resp.

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets, and hope to be "on hand" with the next.

Aha! So you really have a "sentimental" and want to know about my "romantic" tip. Well, I do not mind telling you, we are such great friends—though we have never met. Besides, I know you are such a regular old mole you never will disclose.

Besides, I have not a soul to tell, and I am dying for sympathy. You see Dick Ray and I had a regular fuss, night before last, as to our favorite style of beauty; the subject being started by a question as to preference, in my new "Mental Autograph Album."

So pronounced was my enthusiasm for that rare combination, "light hair and dark eyes," that Dick, whose unrelenting rancor has never been able to score a hit closer to the center of my heart than "friendship," was somewhat startled, and I could see that not a little nettled. One word led to another, each one making me but the more loyal to what, true as fate, dear mole, has never been more than an ideal in my mind.

So strong was the impression left by the controversy that sleep was not able to banish it. A hero of "light hair and dark eyes" wandered with me through dreamland, appeared in the sunlight rays which woke me; indeed, followed me clear into the office, where every thing, not business and clothes, are supposed to be promptly "dropped."

By noon, his idealship was pretty well banished, however, and I started to lunch at the usual hour without him, till, coming to the corner of Wabash avenue and Adams street, the capers of a fractious horse disturbed the symmetry of travel, and a sudden huddle and halt of the "living stream" brought me face to face with as perfect a type of poor Dick's rival as could possibly be met with in a day's search. Such remarks as "fine brows, eyes so deep set in shape, so liberal, kindly and frank in expression, no charming in contrast with the hair, whose 'lightness' "

and I—oh, for aye, and aye, and aye. Aha! You think I did right, *ne c'est pas?* "TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I am sorry to say, I must again disappoint you with sheets of "Coming Events." Night before last I slept but two hours, last night was utterly worthless, could do nothing rational in the way of work—I am so disturbed and unhappy!

What do you think happened Thursday? Just about the same place and same time, whom should I meet again, but my nice old gentleman. Oh, but he is handsome! With such a look—more than a look—that makes me want so much to know him. I know he would be such a good, true friend—and oh, my dear sir, I am so desolate of friends!

He was carrying an umbrella, so was I, and we passed, like two ships at sea, as we passed, I with my stoniest glare, he with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a half in his gait that told me, well as I wanted to know, that I need not walk alone to lunch that day, unless I wished. But I saw well enough that he was a wealthy gentleman, who, no doubt, would be only too glad to have a little sport with the heart of a poor little maiden, who would have naught but regret left to fill the emptiness in her life.

Nevertheless, after passing, a strong desire possessed me to see how he walked, maybe where he might turn on the avenue, that would give me some clue to his business, which desire was fed, as desires ever will be, by nothing less than W.'s great, big photograph-case standing away out on the pavement, with its shelter, and shade, and excuse, right on its beautiful face! Oh, why will people do that, which they know they will be sorry for! And why will inanimate things conspire, in times of weakness, to lead the doubter to regard! This apple of Sodom came in my way at my weakest, bidding me halt—just a moment—look at the pictures!

And—peek! I halted—just a moment—looked at the pictures, and—peeked! Oh! there was my ideal, turned square around, looking after me, stock still, umbrella over his shoulder, the whist of white handkerchiefs in his hand! Of course he expected me to do some such graceless thing, and here I, poor silly goose, walked right into the trap.

The storm of anger, mortification and self-blame, ended, as storms usually do, in copious rain; and you may depend that never again will I get caught in such a shameful manner. Oh, shame upon me! Never! What would the dear prim little aunt, way back in the prime little churchyard, of the primest town in all of prim old Connecticut, say, could she know that I, to whom her last words were of caution and advice on account of my "looks," should here, in the noisiest city of the whole world, West, be caught, in the public street, flirting with a materialized ideal! "TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: You see I have been quite industrious. I send you advance sheets this time. You will say my humiliating lesson did me good. So it did. I have since frequently met "my nice old gentleman." He seems to understand that I am a common first. He passes in respectful and unexpected manner, that is not indifference, but which increases my interest in him tenfold for its malignity. One look, one word of intrusion or familiarity, after he saw it was contrary to my conscience, would have settled the matter. All interest in him would have died on the spot. I loathe an old story! He is all that is self-controlled and gentlemanly—I do believe, my dear, sympathetic mole, that I am more than half in love with light hair, dark eyes, fifty years and two hundred pounds!

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, NOV. 3.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you the next four chapters. You will say I must be going to die, I am so good.

One more episode in my romance, which I write with tears in my eyes. Last night I was standing at the corner of Washington and State streets waiting for the car. You know what an excessively sloppy, nasty night it was, and what a task it is to reach the cable at that hour, through such a jangle of every thing, and the mud, too. I was feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable. The rain was playing havoc with my pretty little rough suit, as the mud would with my neat shoes. I must have looked mad, I felt so—not daring to go on, not daring to wait, lest the rain should increase, when, with a great throb, that sent a new supply of blood, hope, courage and delight to every vein in my body, my heart saw, coming straight towards me, my dear old gentleman, with his certain, gracious manner, and his raised umbrella, which, with a respectful but firm "permit me," he held straight over the damp little turban, and, gently taking my arm, escorted me, through all the "jangle of every thing," to the car steps. But the bustle was not too great, now the way too short nor difficult, to prevent his expressing, in—oh, such well-bred and sane tones—how much he would like the pleasure of my acquaintance, and might he not hope some time, before very long, to call upon me at my home—might he not have my address to-night?

And of course—of course—why of course I could not let him. Ah! but you can not know how I almost choked in I told him so. Oh! dear, can you think I was so desolate, and I know he was good and true.

"Oh, my dear sir," I said, "it is indeed impossible. Indeed, indeed, it is not that I

have any objections to you, your own self, but, don't you see, if I let you—there is no—reason—why I should—not let—anybody—at least, there is—nothing—to prevent—your—thinking—I—would—and—I could say no more. I fancy he heard the great sob underneath, for in tones so low, not even the little rain drops falling about us could hear, he stooped and said, oh, so earnestly: "God bless and take care of you, my dear good little girl!" then stooping still lower, he kissed my hand, as respectfully as if I had been some great lady, and we were standing on the ball-room floor of some elegant home. The rain drops which splashed on the hard alligator side of my little sachet must have been cold on one side and warm on the other; cold for regret at the happiness I had thrown, willfully, over my shoulder, warm with the intense thrill of delight which any woman always feels at receiving the well-earned respect of a thoroughly manly man.

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, NOV. 10.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you a few more pages. I fear that I must bring "Coming Events" to a more abrupt conclusion than I had intended. It, or something, is wearing on me perceptibly. I can neither sleep nor eat. I shall make it up to you later.

Thanks for your kind personal interest, and your sympathy in my little romance, and desire for "more." I must tell you. The restaurant was awfully crowded yesterday, as it always is Saturdays. I had a very pleasant seat, however, with a vacant chair beside me, which the kind waiter always lets me have to hold my sachet and parcels. I went to writing as usual—most of "Coming Events" was brotten between "orders"—and so interested was I in Chapter 13, indeed, that I did not notice the waiter coming my way, till, with a murmured "pardon," he removed my things and placed the newcomer therein. So absorbed was I that I never looked up, till the waiter's return, when, whom should I find sitting by my side, but "Aunt!" And there lay your "note-heads" large as life, with your grandiloquent name tastefully scroll-banded in full, on the left-hand corner—M. L. De Verne, Editor-in-Chief, *Criterion*.

What if he had seen it! Oh, what if he had, and was even now mentally denouncing that mosquito in petticoats, the "female reporter!" But he did not seem as if he had. His shapely, well-kept hands were nonchalantly joined at the tips, over the white cloth, and the wonderful brown eyes indifferently fixed on the awning over the rival restaurant across the way. No, I am sure he did not see; and I did not prolong his opportunity for so doing. I can assure you. He was immaculately dressed in a cool, fawn-colored suit, faultless linen, and the short white hair *à la pompadour* over the broad forehead, the whole set off by a poshy little button-hole bouquet—red and white. Had I been a native of Senegambia he could not have remained more utterly unconscious of my presence than he did, all through that cozy little meal we took there, side by side, but not together. And the dainty, sensible meal he ordered! Just what I should have chosen to serve him had I to do. Ah! me! And how faintly that meal is dined! No hurry, no indecent haste. So different from the ravenous and disgusting manner of the "cheap-John" gobbler, who so offended my domestic taste every time I ate in a restaurant. He kept his dishes neatly arranged about him, so as not to interfere with anybody, and, as if anticipating the relief it would give, left the room first.

And there lay the dear little daisy at the other side of his plate. How did it get out of its compact little home! It must have

fallen out. I could not bear to see so sweet a flower tossed into a gray dish, so I put it into my little sachet. Ah, you dear little daisy, don't you tell!

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, NOV. 17.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I must disappoint you! A week. I have been very ill. The doctor insists upon perfect rest. I shall try to send you some pages Thursday.

"TIGER."

SKY PARLOR, NOV. 25.—Editor *Criterion*.—Dear Sir: I send you the promised sheets. I am much better. The most exciting "episode" of all occurred a day or two after I sent my last "instalment." I was feeling unusually blue. No doubt the effect of being sick and weak. Then the Thanksgiving season approaching, the sad past and lonely present came as never before so painfully to my mind. I could not bear the thought of the joyous anniversary, nor the hosts of happy, thankful people who would enjoy the pleasures. What had I to be thankful for! Life! So had the mollusks, and sponges, and corals of the great deep, who knew no cause. I had worked harder, enjoyed less, and suffered more than any one similarly situated, whom I chanced to know. Well, anyway, I decided to stay away from the restaurant that day and arrange my own small bill of fare as nearly as possible in accord with the day. I had once taken home some cranberries, just because they were so pretty and dinner-like, and, as an experiment, had stewed them over my little gas-heater, and made most delicious sauce. I could do so again. This, with some turkey taken from the restaurant, rolls from my favorite bakery, and a box of candy, would furnish me a meal fit for a queen—if she were a happy one—at one-half the cost of a similar one prepared by "stranger hands." The balance I would inclose in an envelope to the little errand-boy who was accustomed to bring errands to our office from S. S. & Co., whose was face and pleasant smile had touched my heart, and who was the only person I knew that I felt justified in pitying.

It was late when I reached "down town," and after getting my new errands I was weak and trembling and I sat in G. & E.

Co.'s to wait for the car. While I "jotted down a notion" the car-bell startled me, and I jumped up hastily, gathering my effects—rolls, crackers, cranberries and the paper which I clucked in my hand as I ran. I had almost reached the step, when by some mis-sight, the conductor rang the bell. The next I knew I was rolling over and over, and over, in the doubtful snow and ash, skirts in mid-air, hat rolling under the wheels and the unfortunate cranberries dripping through a hole in their bag, proclaiming in balls of crimson guilt my pining story to conductor, passengers, passers-by, and horror of horrors! my dear old gentleman!!! For he it was whose strong arm righted me, as though I had slipped in the most simple and graceful manner possible, leading me to a seat in the car, as though we were returning from a picnic—brushing down the mud and snow-streaked "rough suit," as though brushing a butterfly from a lawn-tennis costume and seating himself beside me, as though he had been my escort since the morning. I did not need to look for my bundles, there they all were, close beside him, minus the luckless cranberries.

"You must allow me to see you safely to your home," he said. "You are too weakly to be trusted alone." Whatever more he said was neither heard nor replied to; I could neither hear nor see, nor understand. After seeing me safely deposited in the musty little parlor, he added: "Now!"

But I never heard the rest, for a senseless heap was all that was left of me, ten seconds after I touched the little lounge.

And the next voice I heard was the doctor's, and a very strictly professional voice it was, after the dear tender tones that had sent me to sleep!

CONTINUATION FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

As I spent Thanksgiving Day in bed, and four unjaded. The fifth day a second form followed the doctor's into the parlor—which I had, for the first time, reached again—and shed its "light hair and dark eyes" upon the face of the little mirror which had reflected Dick's angry glances, the evening of our discussion of that fateful subject.

The doctor staid only long enough to feel my pulse, change my medicine and introduce me to his old friend and fellow-citizen. Oh, kindly earth, open and swallow me up! I know, fall in heaps and bury me from sight! Oh, sun, cease your cruel shining, and let a merciful darkness enshroud my crushed, humiliated self!!!

For the doctor introduced me to—M. L. De Verne, editor-in-chief *Criterion*, city, who for the last eight weeks had been receiving, in the private box of his editor-in-chiefship, the twin romances of "Coming Events" and my own dearly-bought story of self-proclaimed love and devotion for the "dear old mole, who would not disclose," and with whom my identification dated from that day when the brown eyes rested indifferently on the awning of the rival restaurant across the way after they had delicately twinkled over their owner's name tastefully scroll-banded on the left-hand corner of the *Criterion* note-head, so accommodatingly displayed to his gaze.

My dear old gentleman, indeed! "So handsome, so stylish and so clean!" "How I longed to know him!" "How I longed to serve with hands of love, the dainty dinner brought by stranger hands!" Oh, you bad little daisy, what made you tell!

The scalding tears of shame burst from my eyes. I made a dash for the door, but a gentle, firm hold was on my wrist, gentle firm tones in my ear, and the "whitest of white handkerchiefs" wiping the tears from my eyes!

Before going, I promised to let him come and dine with me that evening; he sending in the dinner which should be served in that same little parlor, which was secured from intrusion, by a charm more potent than any possessed by the "Sky parlor" tenant.

What all happened that day need not be told.

Next day brought me a little package, which my weak happy hands could scarcely open, for joy at the dear familiar handwriting, not on official business. It contained a tiny box from Peacock's and the daintiest little volume bound in red morocco, entitled: "One Flirtation—One Thanksgiving—One Wedding—inscribed to my dear little wife," in which was reproduced, in daintiest type, on the most delicate paper, word for word of my letters to the "dear old mole," relating to a certain "romantic episode" which I felt sure he "would not disclose"—while clear, full-faced type impressively conveyed the most touching passages of love and admiration, which, like boomerangs from my heart, had returned, after, lo, these many days.

The tiny box held a jewel the like of which is not to be met with in any jeweler's shop in the city, for was not Love caught in its diamond flashes, captured by the delicate circle, inside which was inscribed the simple record: "Thanksgiving, 1885."

A few days later was added the following:

CHICAGO, DEC. 1.—To the Editors of the *Criterion* Publishing Company—Gentlemen: Inclosed please find concluding chapters of "Coming Events."

I beg to add that in view of a coming event which did not cast its shadow at their commencement, I herewith, by order of your editor-in-chief, tender you release from your part in the contract binding us in literary relations through the year '86.

With ever-living hopes for the success of your excellent magazine, I remain, Yours very resp., "TIGER."

Number of Alpine Glaciers.

According to Prof. Helm, of Zurich, the total number of glaciers in the Alps is 1,155, of which 949 have a length of more than 7,500 meters. Of this number the French Alps contain 144, those of Italy 78, of Switzerland 471 and of Austria 462. The total superficial area of these glaciers is between 8,000 and 4,000 square kilometers, those of Switzerland amounting to 1,830 kilometers. The greatest length is reached by the Aletsch glacier, which is 24 kilometers long. As to thickness, it will be remembered that Agassiz, when measuring across in the Aar glacier, did not reach the bottom at 203 meters, and that he calculated the depth of the bed of ice at a certain point of this glacier at 460 meters.—*Geographical Bulletin*.

The Washington (D. C.) *Significance*, in making mention of a recent wedding at Pines Creek Church, near Tangent, Md., states that the church is said to be over a hundred years old, and yet this is the first marriage ceremony ever performed within its walls.

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DEATH ON THE LAKES.

Frightful Shipwreck Near Frankfort, Mich.

Two Lumber Schooners Driven Ashore, and Ten Persons Perish—Lake Superior Vessel Wrecked, With Fatality.

Detroit, Nov. 12.—A special from Frankfort says: During the height of the storm yesterday afternoon, at intervals through the blinding snow-storm, a lumber schooner could be seen about six miles southwest of Frankfort. Her poles were almost bare, and the deck seemed clear of cargo. An attempt was made to anchor her, and she held for a time, but soon broke loose and drifted helplessly before the gale. The wind gradually increased in violence, and the seas were growing every moment larger, when darkness settled like a pall over the face of the lake. Help was asked from the life-saving station at Manistee, but it was impossible for a tug to live in such a gale. After great trouble the life-saving station, six miles north of here, was reached, and the apparatus hauled over the coast by a few volunteers, over steep hills, winding ravines, tree trunks and heavy snow-drifts, and pebbled by the driving snow and hail. They arrived at the scene of the disaster at Frankfort at 4 o'clock this morning. The vessel was totally broken up and with the cargo piled up on the beach, every thing being completely destroyed. Broken masts, shrouds, lumber and debris, all near by. It is thought the schooner had a crew of nine men, and that she broke as soon as she struck. No other bodies have been discovered. Another wreck was discovered, two miles south, where the same chaotic wreckage was seen. The entire stem of the schooner *Marquette*, of Racine, Wis., was discovered. At a neighboring farm house was a bruised and battered sailor with incriminated hands, from which the flesh was stripped and his feet were badly swollen. From him it was learned that the crew of eight men were lost. A special from Duluth, Minn., says: The schooner *Lucerne* is reported to have been driven on Point Chequamegon. The vessel was loaded with iron, and went down in five fathoms of water. All hands were lost. Not less than 40 men were on board.

Burnt Clothing.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 30.—At 5 o'clock this morning fire was discovered on the south side of Third street, between Race and Vine. Five of the largest clothing houses in this city are ablaze and their destruction can hardly be averted. The fire is spreading southward and has reached the buildings on the north side of Pearl street.

The flames were first discovered in the large clothing and cloth-house of M. & L. S. Fecheimer, 107 Third street. The wind carried the flames southward, and in less than ten minutes the clothing house of Bettman Bros. at No. 96 Pearl street, the millinery store of Benckman & Co. at No. 94 Pearl street, and the clothing house of Leon & Metzger, at No. 10 Pearl street, all situated just in the rear of Marcus & L. S. Fecheimer's place, were on fire. The damage at this writing (6 a. m.) will exceed a half million dollars.

Quiet Obsequies.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The funeral ceremonies over General Arthur's remains will be entirely without display. His remains will not lie in state, but after the services on Monday will be taken to rest in the burial cemetery at Albany. Only the family will accompany the body to the church. The casket is to be of fine oak, covered with broadcloth, without trimmings on the outside. On the top will be a silver plate, on which will be engraved the name and date of death.

A Sure Preventive.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Nov. 19.—Dr. R. H. Scott, who died here Wednesday, often expressed a horror of being buried alive, and in order to preclude such a thing he asked that his heart be cut out after life was extinct. This was done, the organ being taken out and replaced in the dead body. He was buried yesterday, the Board of Education and the Masonic and professional order of which he was a member, with teachers and school children attending in a body.

Seven Days' Failures.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 307, and for Canada 35, or a total of 342, as compared with a total of 231 last week and 80 the week previous to the last. The casualties reported from the Western and Southern States and Canada are much above the average. In the other sections of the country they are light.

Nearly as Cheap as Daylight.

COLUMBIANA, O., Nov. 19.—J. J. Johnson, a physician of this place, is reported to have discovered a process for the manufacture of gas, whereby nearly half a million cubic feet of gas can be made from a barrel of oil, the residue of which is still worth its cost price as a lubricator.

Death of Peter Shinkle.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 19.—Peter Shinkle, the venerable father of Amos and Vincent Shinkle, the Covington millionaires, died at 11 o'clock to-night at his home in Covington. The deceased was ninety-two years old and a man of much prominence.

Cholera in South America.

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 19.—Cholera has broken out in the Hospital for the Insane in this city, and of eighteen persons attacked with the disease, two have died. There were nine new cases and five deaths at Rosario during the past 24 hours.

Terrible Ocean Disaster.

LONDON, Nov. 19.—Advices have been received here that a ship started with native laborers returning from Queensland plantations founded in the Pacific Ocean, and that 140 lives were lost.

Jeff Bowling Reapplied.

COLUMBIANA, O., Nov. 19.—Jefferson Bowling, sentenced to be hanged December 11, has been reprieved by Governor Foraker until March 35.

Colored Murderer Dangled Ale!

NATCHEZ, MISS., Nov. 19.—Jones Spivey, colored, the murderer of Ada Coleman, was hanged in the jail-yard here to-day.

ANARCHIST PLANS.

Diabolical Suggestion to Blow Up the Water Tower and Burn Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—A local German paper asserts in its issue to-day that the Anarchists of this city have renewed their agitation, and that the call for meetings of the "groups" are circulated openly. "Monday evening," the article says, "in the hall on Clybourn avenue, a meeting of the North Side Group of the International Working People's Association was held, at which various 'plans' were discussed. Some of the persons present thought that on a stormy night, with a few pounds of dynamite, the water-tower could be blown up and fires started at some dozen different places. The water-tower destroyed, the fire department could have no water; half the city would go up in a blaze, and in the confusion thus caused the re-organized groups and companies of the Lehr and Weir Varian could easily capture the city. Police Captain Schack says he has no fears of any thing happening at present, and his men are keeping a close watch on the 'groups.' He could not tell what he was going to do in this particular case, not having any authentic information yet, and if he had he did not think it best to make his intentions public in advance.

A CAMPAIGN EPISODE.

How Rev. Joshua Norton Stopped His Paper.

COLUMBUS, IND., Nov. 21.—Rev. Joshua Norton, of this city, during the heat of the last campaign received a copy of the *Lanciana Phalanx*, the State Prohibition organ, and wrote on the wrapper: "Take your dirty paper back. It is only fit for slobber-mouthed whisky-drinking Democrats to read, and not for scholarly Republicans." The editor of the *Phalanx* was wroth with the wrapper, and at once placed the matter in the hands of the United States District Attorney, Norton was indicted by the United States Grand Jury for sending an obscene matter through the mails and for violating the postal laws. Yesterday the Reverend gentleman went up to Indianapolis and pleaded guilty in the United States Court, throwing himself on the mercy of the judge, who fined him \$5 and admonished him to be more gentlemanly in the future in the matter of stopping his papers.